

OCEAN GROVE

LAND OF PRAISES

OCEAN GROVE A LAND OF PRAISES

Where the Great Influences of the Christian Church are in Control.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Saturday. DOWN on the Jersey coast, about two hours by rail or boat from New York city, lies the queen of summer resorts, beautiful Ocean Grove, with its many handsome and up to date hotels; its hundred of picturesque cottages and streets of gayly decorated canvases; its many churches, and its enthusiastic campers from May until September.

It is one of the coolest and most delightful places to spend the summer vacation that can be found anywhere. There is no innocent amusement to the square inch than in any other resort along the coast. That is why the great refined Christian churches of America patronize it so largely, often to the number of two hundred thousand. There are many families, who have summered here, season after season, for fifteen years. It is the one place where children are welcome; in fact, it has been called the "Children's Paradise."

Almost every form of amusement may be indulged in, chief of which are surf and pool bathing, boating, fishing, golfing, tennis and croquet; but if one wishes to dance he must cross beautiful Wesley Lake's rustic bridges to Ashbury Park, where the evening hops are held.

Ocean Grove is owned and controlled by the Ocean Grove Association, an organization of "G double O double O people," as a speaker here expressed it recently, who furnish the popular children's festivals of song, the chorales and sacred cantatas by the great masters, in which thousands of voices, selected from the choirs of many churches, unite in rendering a magnificent volume of harmony seldom heard anywhere to such advantage as in the mammoth Auditorium, with its single span arch, without an obstructing pillar, and its seating capacity of ten thousand.

Ocean Grove is unique in that it is the only place where Sunday is orthodoxly observed. No vehicle of any kind is allowed to move, and neither train nor trolley disturbs the peace and quietness on that day in this lovely spot.

The twilight hour of the week day is a very interesting time, for then the ladies of both Ashbury Park and Ocean Grove don their lovely evening gowns and promenade the boardwalk with their escorts, while the sea tramp, with the joy of the feet keep rhythmic time to the rush and roll of the surf, that breaks in long creamy folds of spray on the white sandy beach.

After nightfall it is the custom with many to engage one of the canopied, curtained boats, which are gayly decorated and illuminated with Japanese lanterns, and the gay gondoliers pull them slowly around the lake. It would not take a very vivid imagination to fancy one's self in fairy land or a street of Venice.

In the mornings while waiting for the bathing hour you may sit on the breezy pavilions or in the sand beneath, and while enjoying the briny ozone and the latest operating airs by the bands indulge in the only dissipation permitted—viz., buttered popcorn.

The appetite acquires here is nothing short of marvellous, and there is no more welcome sound to the average Ocean Grover than that of the dinner bell. It conquers such visions of delicious fish, oysters, and clams, and the perfect perfection of the sea food, which is so fresh, so deep sea fish, while fresh fruit, vegetables, butter and milk are abundantly supplied from the neighboring farms. After one meal a visitor may sit out as long as he wishes, for the food is so good, and he is going "to get measure to find out how much he weighed and to get weighed to see how much he measured."

At a neighboring table one evening there was placed a beautiful ice cake, the "lightest" cake ever seen, for it was illuminated with about thirty candles. When the lady who usually sat at that table entered and saw "it" her face was lighted up with the joy of the birthday surprise. Then, as only a woman would, she began to count the candles, and looked up in embarrassment to endeavor the number of the dining room full of guests. She had stopped counting on reaching eighteen.

Down on the beach on Sunday evenings, when the crimson sun is sinking in the west and spreading golden rays of splendor upon the foamy waves of the sea, the twilight beach service is held. It is an hour given up in prayer and praise to the great Creator. There the best and strongest preachers try to deliver the message of salvation, and it must needs be a powerful voice to be heard above the breakers. Then the many thousands present join in singing that impressive old hymn, "Homeward Bound," while the distant organ peals, the rollers surge and break and the bell rings out like a grand "Amen!"

Out on the ocean all boundless we ride, To the westward, where the sun sets side, Steady O pilot, stand firm at the wheel, Steady O pilot, stand firm at the wheel, Steady O pilot, stand firm at the wheel, Steady O pilot, stand firm at the wheel.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide, Softer the sail on its smooth silver side, Softer the sail on its smooth silver side, Softer the sail on its smooth silver side.

Then another Sunday ends.

OYSTER BAY HAS HAD QUIET SEASON

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Saturday.—Our season about to close will go on record as one of the most quiet in the history of Oyster Bay so far as social functions and activity among the smart set of the east and west and summer camps are concerned.

There has been a marked absence of afternoon teas and evening parties. This may be in part due to the quiet life led by Mrs. Roosevelt, who by virtue of her position was looked upon as the one to set the pace in social functions.

The President and other members of the family have found recreation in riding and boating principally. No matter how exacting his duties may be, the President does not neglect his daily exercises. The number of visitors to Sagamore Hill, both by appointment and otherwise, is far greater this year than ever before in one season, such a noticeable fact also that more strangers have been seen in Oyster Bay this month than during any previous season.

Sam Leach, Jr., secretary to the President and Mrs. Leach have returned from a week's trip to Lake George, and are expected to return to the White House.

Secretary B. F. Barnes, who is acting secretary to the President, is expected to be shortly on his annual vacation, and he will spend with his family in the Adirondacks.



Robson Point Conn.

LONG BEACH AND MANHATTAN BEACH TALKING "YACHT"

Taken from the Sea Birds and Races Down the Bay and Sir Thomas Lipton Make the Conversation.

LONG BEACH, N. Y., Saturday. LONG BEACH was established as a very exclusive resort in 1884. Previous to that time only the wind and waves held carnival there and the seabirds were its visitors. It is one of the chain of beaches of the southern part of Hempstead, containing eighteen hundred acres, with a frontage extending nearly seven miles in a straight line of gently sloping hard packed sand as smooth and even in its contour as a floor of asphalt. It was established as a resort under the auspices of the Long Beach Improvement Company.

When it was opened it was thought that its attractiveness would be increased by placing a hotel near, and a small hotel and with uniformed soldiers getting ready for the drills and parades of the day, for one or another of the Jersey regiments is always quartered there during the summer, and the rising sun glitters on myriads of snow white tents.

No one could wish for a jollier summer than one spent at Sea Girt. There is always a fascination to the feminine heart in a uniform, and besides the National Guard of New Jersey there is usually a detachment of regulars on the camp grounds to teach their less experienced comrades what it really means to be a soldier.

There are the Saturday night dances at the beach, where the boys of the rising moon reveal in some darkened corner of the balcony the transfer of cherished gilt buttons and sword scabbards to the girls of the moon.

"Little White House," as the quaint executive mansion on the camp grounds is called, and his hospitable wife is called. There is the evening concert by the regimental band in front of the colonel's tent, but best of all are the little dances given by the officers of the "soldier boys" at the officers' club, or, cooler still, in a private room of the dainty officers' club directly on the ocean.

In the morning the piazzas of this attractive club are crowded with fair guests, tractors, and cars for miles to drive to the grounds for dress parade at official sundown.

One sees numerous dogs and auto cars filled with prettily dressed women, whose gay raucous leads a frivolous tone to the impressive scene.

There is the Governor's Day, is particularly interesting, for the great cannon, amid the plunging and rearing of high strung horses and the laughing, hailing and shouting of merry maidens, boom out seventeen guns in honor of the handsome Governor reviewing the troops.

General Bird W. Spencer, the inspector of the militia, is one of the most popular officers at Sea Girt. Distinctive looking and jovial, it is usually he who picks out or passes judgment as to which of the pretty summer girls shall be the belle and toast of the regiment.

Of him it is said that when being accused of being in his "last youth" he laughed and said that his "last youth" was younger by a long shot than the first youth of some men, thereby giving a slap at some of the affectingly biased young officers.

Most of the officers' wives and mothers occupy cottages or live in the hotels near the camp grounds and are in constant demand for "matronize" young women at daily luncheons and dinners. The acme of delight in a girl's soul is reached when she and her chaperon are asked to spend the night in camp. This privilege is accorded chiefly to the staff officers, among whom Governor Murphy's son Franklin, Jr., is conspicuous.

This fortunate girl has then the privilege of for once in her life understanding the meaning of discipline. She sees the soldiers, gathered in groups, singing before their tents, kept from too lively a demonstration by the officer of the day, she is challenged by the sentry, but knows the required password, and smiles her way through. Finally she goes to her fresh little white cot, and while standing in her curtained doorway saying good night she hears, across the stillness of the summer night, the clear, melancholy sweetness of "taps." Lights out!

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ATLANTIC CITY

How the Great Resort of the New Jersey Coast Has Become a Mighty Attraction.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Saturday. ALL roads lead to Atlantic City. It is the great resort of the New Jersey coast. In winter and spring the leading hotels are open, and are patronized by a select class of New Yorkers, who come more for fashion than for health. In summer the scene and the people are changed. Then comes a lively, jolly, amusement seeking crowd, that hails largely from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and from cities further south and west.

And the bathing! Here there is a stretch of two miles or more of a gradually descending, pebbles beach, without untoward, with no high crested, powerful waves that frighten you.

But the bathing is the thing in Atlantic City. No matter how people immerse themselves in the daytime, at night, when the weather is pleasant, the hotels and boarding houses are deserted, everybody turns out, residents and strangers, for a stroll on this democratic plank walk. At the end of the week it is so crowded that locomotion by walking is slow, and the movements of the rolling chairs are greatly impeded. It is estimated that as many as one hundred thousand persons are sometimes gathered on this promenade.

The walk is forty feet wide and four and a quarter miles long. It is built on steel supports, directly at the edge of the ocean, and in some parts over the breakers.

Thronged as it is at night, with its brilliantly lighted piers, its music and the thousand and one little shops, where you can buy any useless article, from a tin trumpet to a lucky stone, in bottles, from a frankfurter to a hot baked potato, the boardwalk presents a scene that, of its kind, for crowds, gaiety and a certain place of life, is probably unequalled anywhere in the world.

Wherever you go, you are sure to find a place where everybody likes—that is, those who like that sort. But if you want to walk, or if you want to see a feature, the feature of Atlantic City, you must "do" the boardwalk. At night there is nothing else to do.

In the daytime you have your choice of sailing, a ten mile trolley ride in the country, a drive on the speedway, a steamboat to Brigantine in one direction, to Ocean City in another.

On my early visit here, twenty odd years ago, there was not a brick, stone or steel structure in the place. Now there are numerous. Fifteen years ago the number of hotels and boarding houses was estimated at seven hundred, now the number is set down at two thousand.

When I first came mosquitoes were a regular plague. Visitors and residents were sometimes driven out of the city by swarms of these pests. Since then the march and mow and has been filled up and built on, and the little pests do not thrive. For the last three years, although a regular visitor here in midsummer, I have seen few or no mosquitoes.

Postal figures give some idea of the business transacted in Atlantic City. One hundred thousand pieces of mail matter are daily handled, which requires a force of one hundred and twenty-two employees—forty-five carriers, thirty-seven indoor clerks and forty delivery boys. The inside clerks at the stamp windows and letter boxes include in the service some women. There are eight collections daily, from the pillar boxes, and these are made by horse and wagon. The district deliveries, from house to house, number four, the carriers being allowed to wear shirt waists. In two years Postmaster Bachrach has turned over to the government one million dollars.

ATTRACTIONS IN SEA GIRT'S CAMP

Social Summer Life Revolves Gayly Around the Uniformed Soldier.

SEA GIRT, N. J., Saturday. BY the startling roar of the cannon and the stirring notes of the bugles, reveille the summer colony at Sea Girt is awakened every morning at daybreak. The smooth green campus stretching down to the ocean is soon alive with uniformed soldiers getting ready for the drills and parades of the day, for one or another of the Jersey regiments is always quartered there during the summer, and the rising sun glitters on myriads of snow white tents.

Odd and interesting characters have not been wanting at Long Beach. The life saver, familiarly known as Captain Alfie, is one of the characters. He has one of the best records as a life saver on the coast. Captain Alfie takes care of the bathers with masterly skill.

When his faithful eyes are not on rash bathers they are cast upon the work of science or literature, for Captain Alfie is something of a philosopher and a student of ethics. With strong socialistic tendencies, he says he had to leave his native shores of England on account of his radical opinions, and it seems as if in the Captain's opinion his departure was a great relief to King and country, as he was a "bad" man who had been banished from the aristocracy.

Captain Alfie tells the visitors at Long Beach that he thinks far more of them than he would of an Earl or a Duke, which is to a high degree pleasing to true Americans. Alfie repeats in Shakespeare, Milton, and his prime favorite, "The Song of the Shirt," to the accompaniment of the murmuring waves, and in the next pause can tell you why the tides rise and fall and why the sea is salt.

Another interesting character is one of the stewards, a Spaniard by birth but a citizen of the world, speaking nine languages and well versed in Hindoo mystic philosophy and in the occult. He is a preparation of the will of fare with legendarian tricks that make the ball-boys' wood stand on end. He opens locked doors without keys, tells your fortune, and casts your horoscope with such truth as to past events of your life and your existing character as to create uneasiness in your mind.

The Inn this season has passed under new management and is in every way a delightfully quiet and restful summer home by the sea, where one sleeps and wakes to the sound of the health giving waves, and where one can enjoy all the benefits of an ocean voyage without the motion.

Of all the south side resorts of Long Island and where the lovers of the sea and its philosophy and occult are most numerous, there is no place like the rare combination of convenience to the city, pure ocean ozone, delightful society, quiet isolation or gay life as you please, as incomparable Long Beach.

SOCIETIES TO GO TO FOREST PARK

FOREST PARK, Pa., Saturday.—News has been received that the Bethlehem Macnorchor has arranged its Labor Day outing for September 5 to 7 in Forest Park, and a special train of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western has been chartered for the members and their families.

A day after they vacate the park the New York Schutztruppen, under Captain John Busson, will take possession for a few days to celebrate their annual fall target practice outing.

Among the recent arrivals are David Miel, Joseph Freund, William Kaufman, Mrs. L. Kaufman, Miss Carrie Kaufman, Mrs. M. Kaufman, Miss Mary Zoneda, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Wortman, Mr. and Mrs. William Spiegelberg, Jacob Laure, H. F. Kaufman, S. Simonsdon,



Surf, Belmar, N. J.

GAY CLOSING AUGUST IN NEW JERSEY

From End to End of the State the Resorts Are Pleasantly Rounding Out the Summer Days, and Many Visitors Will Linger Far Into Autumn.

LOSS BRANCH, N. J., Saturday.—With the close of the military tournament this evening the resort has awakened to the realization that there is but a little more than a week left of the season.

Martial law for two days has been welcomed by summer residents here, and the military tournament will probably be one of the fixtures of the season hereafter.

Very successful was the charity euchre given last night in the amusement hall of the West End Hotel, the benefit of St. Michael's Church, of this place. Many prominent summer residents were present, among whom were Mrs. Joseph J. O'Donohue, the Misses O'Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McDonnell, Miss Nancy McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McCall, former United States Senator and Mrs. Edward Murphy, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Anthony N. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hauck, Jr.; Colonel George L. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel O'Day, Mr. and Mrs. Miles M. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. John G. O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fearson, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Eastbrook, Colonel Robert C. Clowry, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Casey, Mr. Fred Brunner and Mrs. J. H. King. The large hall was beautifully decorated with bunting and flowers, while on the stage a large orchestra was seated. The tables were arranged in circles about the head table.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Knickerbocker, vice of New York, spent a few days here this week. Mr. P. Sanford Ross, who was recently elected president of the Property Holders' Association of this place, will remain at his summer home, in South Elberon, until late in September.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Weyck Vanderhoof will remain at their home, in North Long Branch, until the middle of next month. Colonel M. J. O'Brien opened his home, main there until October. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Feelinghuysen are also among those who will not desert the shore until the beginning of autumn.

Among the New York arrivals at the hotels are—J. B. Corbin, Charles Peterson, August Dipella, Peter Quinn, J. M. Harwood and Charles Williams.

Howland House—J. G. Parr, Mr. and Mrs. A. Waring, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Marshall, Mrs. Trussell and James Sloan. Hotel Pannal—M. Berg, Charles Freeman, Mr. Kanak, H. B. Hillman, D. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. F. Libman and Miss Esther Libman.

The West End—Mr. and Mrs. John C. Devine, Charles K. Harris, George H. Kindel, Miss Beale, Mr. and Mrs. S. Leeburger, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Prince, Charles May, H. W. Fernberger, A. Rosenheim, H. H. Davis, A. Newberger, J. S. Casey, M. M. Dinkelspiel and Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Vile.

Asbury Park Visitors. Senator Wood McKee, of Paterson, N. J., is here with his family. Representative Benjamin F. Howell, of New Jersey, was one of the visitors this week.

The Rev. Wm. S. Campbell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Ringoes, N. J., and the Rev. Hugh Brown, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton, N. J., are at the Lakeside.

Miss Jessie Busley, of New York, is at the Coleman House. Dr. T. B. O'Reilly, of Philadelphia, is at the Hotel Brunswick, with his family. Dr. H. B. Rue, of Hoboken, N. J., is at the Passaic.

A. R. Sire has been stopping at the Coleman House the week. Mr. and Mrs. H. Andrus, treasurer of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, has closed his Yonkers home and will spend the rest of the season at the Hotel Majestic, Ocean Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. V. Bitter, of St. Louis, are at the Hotel Brunswick. Frank W. Smith, of New York, is at the Coleman House. Miss Edith Tenolla, of Ossining, N. Y., is a new arrival at the Hicks.

Bishop Thomas Bowman, of St. Louis, was a visitor to Ocean Grove this week. The Rev. Dr. Morgan, of Springfield, Mass., is at Nassau Hall.

This has been another crowded week in Belmar for the hotels, and rooms have been at a premium at many of them. A bal masque at the Hotel Columbia last night was one of the big attractions of the week for the summer colony. A large group of the patrons of the house and sojourners at the cottages gathered in the prettily decorated casino of the house and danced until an early hour this morning. They were in freck costumes.

Among the houses where euchres were held this week were the Columbia, Colorado-Atlantic, Buena Vista, Melrose Inn and New York. A cakewalk was given at the Colorado-Atlantic to-night, and last Sunday there was a fine sacred concert by the orchestra of the house.

Miss Eva Shipman, of Newark, has become a fixture at many of the summer colony. She is a very graceful dancer and a fine swimmer. Miss Rosetta Rothman, of New York, who has been a member of the summer colony at this resort for many years, is an experienced chauffeur, who is frequently seen on the ocean road in her automobile.

Among the New York arrivals at the hotels during the week were—J. M. Dickey, Mrs. B. Kellough, Mrs. E. Harlam, Mrs. William Norris, Mr. William F. Gardner, Mrs. John B. Cox, Dr. M. C. Cull, Mrs. H. E. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Parrott.

Colorado-Atlantic—Frank Lisle, Mr. C. E. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. O. Beltram, Dr. J. A. Moore, Miss Grace Alexander, Mrs. Joseph M. Parnes, F. Parrott, D. S. Robinson, Eugene O'Connor, S. W. Leigh and G. W. Doll.

Carleton—Mr. and Mrs. R. F. French, Mrs. and Miss Culyer, Eula Culyer, R. E. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Thompson and family, Sophie D. Duss, Emily A. Walker, Mrs. T. S. Wilburg and Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Lum, Jr.

Melrose Inn—Miss Lillian F. O'Hara, R. G. Moshinsky, Miss Ruthenburgh, C. A. Edmunds, Charles P. Goldsborough, Mr. and Mrs. James Allen Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Graves, Mrs. J. Schwarz and Miss Maselle.

Atlantic City's Final Notes. The season's swan song begins to-morrow in Atlantic City. It will be the final rush to the shore.

Some of the private yachts which left here for the international races with parties aboard have again anchored in the roadstead of the inlet and will now do their final entertaining preparatory to bidding farewell to the resort.

Commander Cowles, of the United States navy, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, has been a notable visitor of the week and is accompanied by Mrs. Cowles and their family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson, of Pittsburgh, who have a handsome home in the suburbs, entertained a luncheon party at the Country Club on Wednesday. It included Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Villiers, of Washington; Mr. and Mrs. James C. Calhoun, Cincinnati; Miss Calhoun, James Campbell and Edward Brown Clegg, of Richmond.

Mrs. Joseph McCay, of Baltimore, who is at the Brighton, is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. H. B. Lockwood, and Miss Violet Lockwood, of New York.

Cape May Holding Visitors. A delightful week has been dealt out by nature, and the thousands of visitors who have remained in Cape May have been amply repaid by the cool ocean breezes which have prevailed.

Several hotels have announced that they will remain open throughout the winter season, and the large houses have posted notices that September 5 will be the earliest time for closing, and that they will remain open as much longer as the business will warrant.

The college colony will remain intact throughout September and October. The biggest "red devil" which has appeared in Cape May this season was that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab, who attended the national and amazed some of the more enlightened of the visitors with their ponderous machine.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph West are among the prominent New Yorkers who will stay here for the winter.

Mrs. M. A. Worthington is at a beach front hotel for the remainder of the season. Mrs. J. L. Hutchison and Laurence Hutchison, of Jersey City, are spending the summer at Cape May.

Miss Ruth Hall, of Catskills, N. Y., accompanied by Miss G. B. Hall and Miss Violet Hall, is at the Stockton for the remainder of the season.

Miss Amelia W. Alcorn and Miss Beale Alcorn, of Eaglesnest, Miss. daughters of James W. Alcorn, have joined Mrs. M. A. Swift at the Stockton, where they will remain until the close of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Kelly, of Brooklyn, are spending a short season here. William Hetherington, of Jersey City, is a prominent arrival at the Star Villa.

Point Pleasant Carnival. The Warwick Arms management has made arrangements to keep the hotel open during most of September. Among the prominent patrons are Arthur N. King, of New York city; Eugene H. Conklin, of New York; Mrs. W. H. Conklin, of New York; Mrs. L. A. Egan, of New York; Mrs. S. B. Stevens, of New York; Mrs. F. Z. Edwards, of New York.

At the water sports on last Saturday at Clark's Landing several persons from the inn entered the canoe and sailing races. Aaron Carpenter, of Philadelphia, and Miss Williams won the canoe doubles. Other entries included Theodore Pierce, Harold Kohler and E. H. Vanderhoof.

Mrs. Charles E. Carpenter and C. Fish won the Yale Trophy in the golf tournament on the links of the Country Club last Saturday.

Among the new arrivals at the inn are Mrs. R. B. Post, A. S. Hearn, Mabel Hill, Emma L. Hagan, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Toussy, Mr. William Wellington and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Moody.

Leighton arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mathews, Mrs. W. H. Forney, William H. Rea, Miss Carolyn Hays, Mrs. W. H. Hays, T. E. Alden, John Crossan, Robert H. Hill, Master Charles C. Hill, William R. Hill, Master Charles C. Hill, Master Charles C. Hill, Master Charles C. Hill.

At the Carleton arrivals—Dr. C. Neale, of Philadelphia; John Farrell, New York; C. A. Copinger, J. Frank Staley, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson, W. P. Gilles, E. C. McParlan and Dr. Francis Murray.

Spring Lake Vandeville. The vandeville show last week in Spring Lake for the benefit of the Monmouth Memorial Hospital, at the Casino, was such a success that another was given on Tuesday night of this week, this time for the benefit of the employees of the house. Several well known professionals were persuaded to give their services, and among them were Haley and Bond, Bobbie Mack, J. Southard Thompson, Spahn and German, and Yeager and Yeager.

The ladies' tennis tournament on the Casino courts was finished during the week for the benefit of the Monmouth Memorial Hospital, at the Casino, was such a success that another was given on Tuesday night of this week, this time for the benefit of the employees of the house. Several well known professionals were persuaded to give their services, and among them were Haley and Bond, Bobbie Mack, J. Southard Thompson, Spahn and German, and Yeager and Yeager.